

ON
the Death of his Grace 6 266
J O H N
DUKE of
R O T H E S,
LORD High CHANCELLOUR of
SCOTLAND, &c.

E L E G I E.

I S R A E L for *Moses* fourty days did Mourn,
Our Joy to Grief, twice fourty days may turn;
Scotlands Conductor, **R O T H E S,** Wife and Brave,
A h! now Himself Conducted is to Grave:

R O T H E S did Rule our Helm in Storms, and Grace
The Halcyon Calmness of our Oceans Peace:
Dread *Comet*, ah! too dreadful not in vain.
Fatal to *Albions* Pole, and *Charles* his *Wain*;
Judicious **DUKE**, able to quench all Jarrs,
On which may rise Uncivil, Civil Warrs,
Most prudent States-man, Sage to Reconceal,
Knowing thy *Kings* Will, was the *Kingdoms* Well;
In *Court*, in *Camp*, in *City*, *Field*, or *Town*;
Worthy to bear a *Batton* or a *Gown*.

No *Fate* could make thy Loyalty relent:
Nor Bondage of thy long Imprisonment;
Give *Thou* then Griev'd, it was that then the while
Thou could not Serve thy Master in Exyle;
Yet there *Thy* Thoughts, and Corrospondence too,
Acted the most a Prisoner could do;
Yet never Winter made of Summer, more
Joyful to *Thee*, when *Heavens* did *Him* Restore:
And made *Thy* Self after a long Restraint:
A Vig'rous, and most Active Instrument,
For which, Thou didst Thy *Monarchs* Love Inherit,
The due Reward of Thy Desert and Merit;
A Love most Firm, and Great, to be Admir'd,
But Chang'd to Sorrow, since *Thy* Breath expyr'd.

Great **D U K E**, Lord *Chancellour*, *Gen'ral*, *Treasurer*,
His Majesties most High *Commissioner*.

What Greatness could *Thou* Want, Thy *King* could Give;
Who only in Thy Destiny did Grieve;
He Could not also give Thee long to Live.

Yet, since *Heavens* Doom, no Flesh from Death reprints;
Thou'rt Mourn'd by *Scotlands* Representatives:
Thy Death makes *York*, our High *Commissioner* Sad:
He, even more High, then ere our Nation had.

To Pen Thy Praise, exceeds all Poets Skill;
And does require *Apollo's* Choicest Quill;
Sure then *Thy* Name great Honour does obtain,
To whom the Highest Praises are but Mean.
Then Blest are You *Cæstrial* Minds that move,
Uncestantly the Spacious *Orbs* Above;
For if Your Toyl prove Irksome, You may Rest,
And Trust Your work to this New *Heavenly* Guest.